

S.M. Jr.

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BY ORSON HYDE.

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From the Times and Seasons.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

The government of the Almighty, has
always been very dissimilar to the govern-
ment of men; whether we refer to his re-
ligious government, or to the government of
nations. The government of God has al-
ways tended to promote peace, unity, har-
mony, strength and happiness; while that of
man has been productive of confusion, dis-
order, weakness and misery.

The greatest acts of the mighty seen have been depo-
nations, and to overthrow kingdoms;

and whilst they have exalted themselves and

become glorious, it has been at the expense of

the woes of the widow, and the tears of the orphan.

Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Per-

sia, Carthage, Rome—each were raised

to dignity amid the clash of arms, and the

din of war; and whilst their triumphant lead-

ers leaped forth their victorious armies to glory

and victory, their ears were saluted with

the groans of the dying, and the misery and

distress of the human family: before them

the earth was a paradise, and behind them

a desolate wilderness; their kingdoms were

extinct in carnage and bloodshed, and sus-
tained by oppression, tyranny and despotism.

The designs of God, on the other hand, have

been to promote the universal good, of the

universal world; to establish peace and good

will among men; to promote the principles

of eternal truth; to bring about a state of

things that shall unite man to his fellow

man—cause the world to beat their swords

into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-

hooks—make the nations of the earth

dwell in peace; and to bring about the mil-
lennial glory—when the earth shall yield its

increase, resume its paradysean glory, and

become as the garden of the Lord."

The great and wise of ancient days have

failed in all their attempts to promote eternal

power, peace, and happiness. Their nations

have crumbled to pieces; their thrones have

been cast down in their turn; and their cit-
ies, and their mightiest works of art, have

been annihilated; or their dilapidated tow-
ers, or time-worn monuments have left us

but feeble traits of their former magni-
tude, and ancient grandeur. They proclaim

with a voice of thunder, those imperish-
able truths—that man's strength is weakness

and wisdom is folly, his glory is his shame.

Monarchical, aristocratic, and republican

forms of government, of their various kinds

and grades, have in their turn been raised to

dignity and prostrated in the dust. The plans

of the greatest politicians, the wisest sena-
tors, and most profound statesmen have

been exploded; and the proceedings of the

greatest chieftains, the bravest generals, and

the wisest kings have fallen to the ground.

Nation has succeeded nation, and we have

inherited nothing but their folly. History

records their foolish plans, their short lived

glory, their feeble intellect, and their igno-
rance.

Have we increased in knowledge or intel-
ligence? Where is there a man

and a woman, who can

promote the happiness of the world?

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POETRY.

Song of the Prisoner Festival in Boston.

“Twas a Prisoner’s love! ‘Morn,
Let me out, let me out, where they may,
And make me a man again;—
My heart is free, or gray as ‘twas,
On this our fatal night;
We need no ruffian barge,
No human arm with fangs—
For brighter far, our trophies are—
—Our history and name!

CHORUS.

Come, brothers—come!
And with us now rejoice;
For Right and Might have joined to-night,
In one harmonious voice!

Each Prisoner lives himself a King,
A monarch in his might;
And Thomas and Caesar must stoop down,
When He is in the Right:

And o’er the world his banner waves,
Where Freedom’s song is told,
The ravished race—The Truths of Age,
And glorious Songs of old!

High honor to the noble Art!
By far the brightest gem
That ever shone, its lustre hue
From Freedom’s diamond!
E’en now it gleams the gilding star,
Far distant o’er the wave,
Where millions fight, to gain the right,
Of Freedom, or a grave!

Then, brothers, let our Daily Toll
Be sung in festal strains!
While birds shall sing, or warrens ring
On earth’s wide battle-fields,
Or while one Tyrant’s throne is left
For Truth to trample down,
Our mystic Art will bear its part
Of glory and renown!

Forgiveness.

“How beautifully
Falls from human lips that blesse I word
Forgive! Forgiveness, ‘tis an attribute
Of God—a sound that opens Heaven—
Renews on earth lost Eden’s faded bloom,
And throws again the happy halo o’er
The waste of life. Thrice happy he whose heart
Has been so school’d in the meek lessons of
Mercy, that he can give utterance—
To his heart’s essential grandeur to the angel—
Human soul, and make him an angel—
It turns the roughness of the world aside
And fills the heart with joy.”

MISCELLANY.

Taking the Starch Out of ‘em.

A COLD WATER SKETCH.

A knot of idlers stood upon the end of a pier which ran out into the Hudson river, in one of the small towns near Albany a few days ago, amusing themselves with hurling stones into the broad stream, each vying with his neighbor in the endeavor to pitch a missile at the furthest distance from the shore, when a tall, rugged Vermonter, direct from the Green Hills, suddenly made his appearance in their midst, and for a while remained quiet observer of their movements.

He was a brawny, strong-looking Yankee, and was very decently clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and giving it a jerk it fell into the water a long way beyond the line which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat, a loud “bravo!” went up from a half dozen voices around him.

It was a cold, clear day in October, and the men, determined not to be outdone, renewed their attempts; but the Vermonter, without saying a syllable to any one, continued to pitch the pebbles far out into the stream, which seemed to annoy one of them in a green jacket, the apparent leader of the gang, who declared he wouldn’t be beaten by a “full right straight out o’ the woods, no how;” and sidling up to the stranger, he determined to make his acquaintance.

“Where do you come from, neighbor?” inquired the other.

“Me! Wal, I hails from Vermont, jes’ now, friend.”

“Hain’t been in these parts long, I reckon.”

“Wal—no. Not edzactly, yere—but up and down, arter.”

“Yes—so I ‘posseed.”

“Yaa,” continued the green ‘un, carelessly, and seizing a big billet of wood, he twirled it over his head, and it landed several rods from the shore, in the water.

“You’re a little strength in your arms, neighbor.”

“Some ‘pum’kins’—is them slippers, stranger. Up, in aour trown, more’n a month age, I driv them are knuckles rite strut strut a board morn’ a nich’ naft thick!”

“Haw—haw!” shouted his hearers, the man in the green jacket, laughing loudest.

“May be you don’t b’ieve it.”

“Not much,” answered the crowd.

“We aint very green down here in York, we aint,” said the fellow in the green jacket; “we’ve been about, you see.”

“Wal, jes’ you look yero, friend,” continued the Vermonter, in the most plausible manner; “we in this country, we’re a purty big river, consider—Inver River, it’s calld, and may be you’ve hear on it.”—Wal, I have a man about acomes that river o’ther day, and he come down fair and square on t’other side!”

“Ha, ha, ha!” yelled his auditors.

“Well, now, you only left, but I’m don’ startin’.”

“I’m what I’ said the green jacket, quick.

“I’m take and leave you across that river yester, jes’ like open and shut.”

“Well, you’re afores on it.”

“Dose,” said the Yankee, and drawing back a few steps, turned down his back.

“Ha, ha, ha!” said the green jacket, quick.

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